

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "LSD"

Told ya buffalo soldier  
Fell to the ground like folgers  
Couldn't hold the boulder  
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answer  
In the hip hop game but the rap got cancer  
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors  
Generation x be the end of baby boomers  
Is the next generation headed for doom  
Control the soul and you got a got a  
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot  
Think it's terrorism the border line's hot  
Check the passports tap the telephone  
Surprise they home grown  
And one of your fuckin own  
It's dat same ol shit - dat same ol game  
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thing  
Now what I see say you know me  
I pour a metaphor of lsd

I don't know what yall thinkin about  
But if you know like I know  
You better strap on your seatbelt  
Cause you in for a long ride

Now I be damn I been a man  
Figure I never call myself a nigger  
To get benjamans  
What's love got to do wit what you got  
Not a whole lot / no forgot oh this shit is hot  
Spendin all the cheddar for clothes  
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud  
Lost in dominoes

Now the heads tell tales  
How the dead bled and fled  
Now they livin up in the bed  
Instead they seize us like jesus  
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in hempstead  
Lord had mercy wanna curse me  
New world order got my ass drownin in the water  
Now what you stuck to the west  
That funk to the east is phat  
Atl be krunk dirty south  
Thirty thou crankin trunks  
Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk  
Now what be indebted  
Better get over it

Those times and raps ain't never comin back

No future without a pass I kick ass

Rock the sox offa pandora's box

Is itany wonder why the clocks flavor got

Between rehearsin a verse my jaw lox

I set the bomb between the r & b scene

Go against the grain run up on the train

And so I parallel the brains of cobain

As hip hop brain made em spill the champagne

Make it plain the sound remains insane

Come the same no holes closin up the lane

Don't ask no questions on the simple level

Can the magic get shaq back

Knicks get van exel

Bold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard

Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words

Turnaround funk power moves ruffs

I ain't never been cuckoo for no coco puffs

Lsd, set it free make em see the tricks

Rather try at 37 than die at 26

Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties

Lie for a lie I look em in the eye

History speaking lawyers should die

Kissed the companies and made them all cry

A new rap song and a real drive by

Why o why did the video die

The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid

Threat of the aids got the bitches afraid

The god damn white man got you afraid

Social service got your mama afraid

Scared of the fact before a niggas black

Some of you say nigga before you say crack

You got no back is what you lack

Just say black and I'll see where your ass is at